



Friend, Please by **Psychotic.Senpai**

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Summary: That night at Hawkins Middle School Eleven managed to stay with Mike, Lucas, and Dustin even after the Demogorgon was gone. Mike takes her to the Snowball, and she tries her best to adjust to her new school and life. [Most likely going to be short unless its requested to continue] Title inspired by Twenty One Pilots song "Friend, Please" Fluff lots of fluff

1. Promise?

Mike

Eleven's screams pierce into my head flying around my skull. I cover my ears but it does nothing. I want to reach out to her. I want to stop her. She doesn't have to do this. She's putting herself in danger to try and kill this thing. I see her hand reach out to it. Her skin becomes covered in ash and dust, and I slowly see the creature disappear until all that is left is the ringing in my ears and Eleven standing in front of an empty, broken chalkboard.

I take my hands away from my head and rush to her side just in time to catch her collapsing. Instead of fully catching her, I fall as well. Her head lands in my lap and I can feel my cheeks fluster. "El!" Dustin runs up to us. I take her off my lap and shake her frantically. "El!" I scream. "Eleven!" Suddenly a group of men covered in helmets and heavy gear burst in aiming their weapons. When they see us they put their weapons down and step aside. Two men in white suits carrying white boxes rush up to us. Then they take Eleven from off the floor. "No!" I yell reaching for her, but they stop me. "We need to give her medical attention!" one of them barks. Two more men come in carrying a flat red plank. The other two lift her onto it and carry her outside. I run after them and I'm followed by Dustin and Lucas. While they carry her I clasp her hand in both of mine. "El." I whisper. Tears threaten to flood from my eyes but I hold them back forcefully.

"You're gonna be alright." I say "Everything is going to be fine."

Then I remember what I had said at the table. "...*a-and we can go to the Snowball.*" "*Promise?*" "*Promise.*" That's when the Demogorgon burst in. I let the tears fall down my face. "I promise." I say finally. Then the double doors open and bright lights are shone in our faces. I can hear people yelling and screaming at each other frantically while sirens blare and ring causing an endless echo, but I can't take my eyes off of her face. The blood from her nose taints her skin. Dirt is smudged on her cheeks and forehead. Bruises leave their marks everywhere. Yet she's still just as beautiful. I think of when we disguised her to take her to school. When she walked out of the room my heart stopped. Dustin began a sentence "*You look-*" "*Pretty.*" I

finished. "Good." I should've just left it at pretty because that was it. She was stunning. A yank at my jacket brings me to reality. "Michael!" My mom is running along side me. "Michael Wheeler what happened!?" Keeping one hand locked with Eleven's I wiped away the tears with my sleeve. "I can't talk right now mom!" We reach an ambulance and the men in white take her and set her on a bed inside. I try to climb in but one of the men stops me. "We can't take you in here kid!" He shouts. "Wait!" I screech grasping for her hand again. Then I see the men sticking needles in arms. "Leave her alone!" I yell. "Leave her alone!" This time there is no point in fighting tears. My cheeks are drenched and so is the collar of my jacket. "Let her go! Your gonna hurt her!" Then I feel hands pulling at my shoulders. "Mike they have to take her to the hospital!" Dustin shouts.

The ambulance doors slam in my face and the vehicle begins to drive away. I run after it but trip in my attempt. I lay there on the concrete, tears spilling from my face. Dustin and Lucas crouch over me yelling inaudible things in my ears, but I don't listen. I just think about El. I think about what they might do to her.

Then I feel arms beneath me lifting me off the ground. I don't bother looking who it is. I don't care. My hands tear at my scalp. How could I let her go. I should've just pushed the man out of the way and stayed there with her. Holding her hand. Comforting her. Telling her she was going to be okay. Now I can't.

I'm placed in some sort of cushioned space. It takes me a minute to realize it's a car but when I do I sit up, place my elbows on my knees and cover my face with my hands once again. A door is yanked open and Dustin comes in and sits beside me patting my shoulder. He doesn't say anything. He simply sits there and lets me cry and cry and cry until it seems like there are no more fluids in my body.

About two minutes later Lucas comes charging in and so do my parents and Nancy. My mother quickly starts the ignition. "W-what's going o-on." I stutter. "Eleven is being transported to the hospital so we're going there to see her." Nancy replies.

"Wait what!?" I sit up to Nancy's words. "She's at the hospital and we're going there to see her." She repeats. My dad turns to me. "Son answer me this will you?"

I don't say anything.

"Is that little girl Russian?"

1 Hour Later

Dustin lays on Lucas's shoulder fast asleep. I'm the only one awake. My anxiety is killing me. Eleven hasn't woken up yet. Will is staying in the room across the hall and his brother said he was going to tell us when he was awake. My legs jump up and down rapidly. My palms covered in sweat. I stand up carefully trying not to wake anyone and walk up to the front of the mirror to the left of the hospital bed. Black smudges cover my face and my hair falls everywhere around my head. If Eleven woke up to this she would be terrified.

I take a white paper towel and wipe my face and do my best to fix my hair with the water. What if she doesn't remember me? Would she even know who she was or what had happened? Would she remember what happened in the cafeteria?... I turn on the faucet once more. Water begins to come out little by little until suddenly it stops. It freezes in mid air. "What the..." I place a finger to one of the water drops. My skin goes right through and the water stays in place. I stare bluntly for a moment but then I turn to the bed. There Eleven is staring at me with a light smile on her face. A smile that makes my chest feel like it's about to erupt. I run up to her bed. "El!" I exclaim. I'm loud enough that Lucas and Dustin both jump startled by my voice. Lucas rises shoving Dustin off his shoulder cursing under his breath.

Eleven looks up at me from the bed. "Mike..." I clutch her hand once again just as I did earlier. "I promised you you'd be okay didn't I?" Her smile grows bigger. "Yes." She says. "Well I can't break my promise..."

2. The Hospital

Hellu! So I have been reading some of the other Stranger Things FanFiction and have noticed a pattern in which Eleven was adopted by the Byers family. I honestly see no problem with it [its quite cute actually] but I do recall that in the show Mike promised Eleven a place in his home. Currently I will be writing that Eleven does stay in his home but is not adopted by the Wheeler family. [So yes she's staying there illegally I know -_-] If any of you wish for me to change that then feel free to comment your thoughts! - *With Love, A* (^x^)

November 13

1983

Eleven

Mike's hand is warm. His skin is soft and his grip is gentle. I stare at him. His brown sparking eyes stare back at me. I look around at Lucas and Dustin. The black sut on their faces reminds me of the school. "Safe?" I whisper. My voice strains as I talk. Dustin nods virgously. "It's safe now El."

I look back at Mike. His eyes are somewhat puffy which worries me. "Demogorgon?" Mike grips my hand tighter. "No Demogorgon. It's gone now." I smile. "You saved us El." Lucas says. His eyes looking down to his side and his hands fidget in his pockets. "I'm sorry again for saying all that stuff." The smile on my face grows wider. "It's okay." I tell him. Then a strange boy charges in gripping the door with his scarred hands. "Will just woke up." He says quickly and charges right out, with Dustin and Lucas at his tail. "Will..." I look at Mike with concern. "Will." I repeat. He looks at the doorway and back at me, longingly. "I know," he grins "but I'm not gonna let you go." He grips my hand even tighter. I look once again in concern. "But-" I begin.

"El."

I turn just in time for one of his hands to settle on my cheek and

before I know it, his lips are pressing against my own. My heart beats rapidly. The memories of the cafeteria begin to flutter back into my head. The same warm feeling I had earlier grows into my stomach and stretches out into my arms and legs.

He breaks away and stares at me grinning from ear to ear. "I'm not leaving you. Ever"

My face flusters. "Promise." He assures, just in time for Lucas to charge back in. "Mike c'mon!" He gestures. Mike looks at me then at Lucas. I know his answer already. "I'm not leaving her." I shake my head. "Go." I say. He looks back at me, puzzled. "El-" He starts to say but this time it's my turn to cut him off. I take the collar of his jacket and pull him down.

I can tell he's shocked when I kiss him because it takes him a moment to find his balance, but once he does I can feel the smile on his lips.

When I let go I can hear the groan Lucas makes. "Aww man! Guuyys get a room!" I laugh slightly happy that Lucas is still the same person he was before.

"Go." I repeat. For a moment Mike stares blankly but then his eyes light up. "I have an idea."

6 minutes later

Will laughs as Mike, Dustin, and Lucas tell him about the adventure we went through. His bed only a few feet apart from mine. Mike still holds my hand. Lucas and Dustin sit closer to Will as they move their hands in the air motioning the van that was flipped and the Demogoron being shattered to pieces. I laugh. "Hey El!" Dustin calls. He reaches for an empty water bottle. "Will prepare to be amazed." He holds it up. "El could you maybe..." He gestures to the bottle. I smile.

I glare at the bottle focusing and using the strength I have left to break the plastic slowly.

Will gasps in awe. "Told ya!" Dustin says profoundly. I laugh again. I feel so happy to be home.

"Your not alone. I hope you remember that."

-Tyler Joseph

November 16

1983

Mike

My mom signs about thirteen different forms. I wasn't paying attention when the doctors told her the reasons. After all how or why would I listen when were discussing what the new campaign would be about. "She could be a Cleric or a Sorcerer!" Dustin exclaims. "I think Sorcerer would suit her." Will says. "But I mean after what I saw she can do pretty much anything." He smiles. "What about multi-classing?" I reccomend. "Oh yea...I forgot about that!" Dustin shouts.

"Alright." My mom says over our loud banter.

"We should be going."

"We should plan another sleepover soon." Dustin says. "Definitely." Will replies. "I'll see you guys later then!" Dustin hugs each of us before walking off into the arms of his parents. Lucas does the same. Only Will remains. He smiles. "I guess I'll see you guys later then."

I pull him into a tight hug. "It was nice meeting you Eleven." He says, his hand brushing the back of his neck. "It was nice meeting you too Will." She replies. "Take care!" I shout at him as he walks off. "I will!" He yells as he turns around. That's when I see it. His eyes dart to El. They linger for a second, gleaming before he turns back around. I realize then he...he has a crush on Eleven.

She turns to me. "Are you okay Mike?" She asks softly. I register what just happened. No. Will can't like El. I mean she is beautiful and kind, and amazing, but he just met her. How could he grow to have a crush on her in such a short period of time? I shake the thought from my head and smile. "Yeah." I say, and take her hand in my own. Her cheeks turn pink for a second making her look incredibly adorable. "Are you sure?" She questions. "Yeah, I'm sure."

Hope you enjoyed Chapter Two! Constructive criticism is always welcome, and if any of you wish for me to alter anything or if you have an idea you'd like to share feel free to comment!

- With Love, A